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The West against Europe

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The following is the English translation of [my speech](#) in French, given in Lyon, France, on May 25, for the French identitarians (students, members of the "GUD" and "Europe Identité.") The speech was delivered in honor of the late [Dominique Venner](#), a historian and philosopher who committed suicide on May 21. On May 26, the day after my speech in Lyon, many GUD and "Europe Identité" attendants participated in mass demonstrations in Paris against the recently adopted law by the French government on "same sex marriage."

The term 'Occidentalism' exists only in the French language and has a very specific meaning. Often the words 'Occident' and 'occidentalisme' obtain specific

meanings according to its user and the user's profile. The term 'occidentalisme' is never used in the German or in the English language. Even the French word 'l'Occident', having a wider geographic significance, is translated into the German language as the 'West' — *der Westen*. The same goes for the English language in which the French noun 'l'Occident' is translated into English as "the West," a subject of many books and translations. In this regard Patrick Buchanan, a former adviser to Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan and a conservative large-circulation author, published a decade ago his bestseller [The Death of the West](#) (*La Mort de l'Occident*), where he laments about the West being invaded by millions of non-Christian

immigrants. According to Buchanan, America and Europe are both part of the West. Yet we know well that America and Europe are not synonymous despite the fact that they are for the time being still populated by majorities of pure-bread Europeans. Very often in our recent history, these two large continental land masses, despite their quasi-identical population, have waged terrible wars against each other. In the Slavic languages the noun 'Occident' and the adjective 'occidental' do not exist either. Instead, Croats, Czechs or Russians use the noun 'Zapad', which means "the West." The French noun 'occidentalisme' ('westernization') indicates a notion of an ideology, and not an idea of a stable time-bound and space-bound entity as is the case with the

noun 'L'Occident'. I'd like to remind you that the French title of the book by Oswald Spengler, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, or in French, *Le déclin de l'Occident*, does not accurately reflect the meaning of the German title. The German word 'Untergang' signifies the end of all the ends, the final collapse, and it is a stronger word than the French term 'déclin', which implies a gradation, a "declination of evil" so to speak, leaving, however, an anticipation that a U-turn could be made at the very last minute. This is not the case in the German language where the noun 'Untergang' indicates a one-way street, an irreversible and tragic end. The same goes for the German noun 'Abendland', which when translated into French or English, means "the land of the setting sun", having a largely metaphysical significance.

I must bring to your attention these lexical nuances in order to properly conceptualize our subject, namely 'occidentalisme' i.e. Westernization. One must keep in mind that the phrases "The Occident" and "the West" in different European languages often carry different meanings, often causing misunderstandings.

No doubt that the terms the West ('L'Occident') and Westernization ('occidentalisation') underwent a semantic shift. Over the last forty years they have acquired in the French language a negative meaning associated with globalism, vulgar Americanism, savage liberalism, and "the monotheism of the market", well described by the late Roger Garaudy. We are a long way off from the 60s and 70s of the preceding century when the journal Défense de l'Occident was published in France comprising the names of authors well known in our circles. The same goes for the French politico-cultural movement Occident, which back in the sixties, held out a promise both for the French nationalists and the entire European nationalist youth.

The two terms, 'Occident' and 'occidentalism' which are today lambasted by the French identitarian and nationalist circles, are still the subjects of eulogies among East European identitarians and nationalists who suffer from an inferiority complex about their newly found post-communist European identity. In Poland, in Hungary or in Croatia, for example, to invoke "the West" is often a way to highlight one's great culture, or a way to boast of being a stylish man of the world.

I'd like to remind you that during the communist epoch East Europeans were not only annoyed by communist bullying and ukases, but also felt offended by their status as second-class European citizens, especially when Westerners, namely the French and the English, used the term 'East' in order to describe their neck of the woods in Europe, namely "Eastern Europe" or "l'Europe de l'Est." Moreover, the French language uses a parallel adjective "oriental" in designing *eastern Europe*, i.e. "L'Europe orientale" — an adjective whose disambiguation, frankly speaking, makes East Europeans furious. The French adjective "oriental" reminds East Europeans of the Orient, of Turkey, of Arabia, of Islam — notions under which they absolutely refuse to be catalogued. Even those East Europeans who are perfectly proficient in the French language and know French culture, prefer, in the absence of other words, that the French-speaking people label their part of Europe as "Eastern Europe", but never as "l'Europe orientale."

Balkanization and Globalization

The history of words and semantic shifts does not stop here. All East Europeans, whether left or right, anti-globalists or globalists, and even the ruling political class in Eastern Europe like to identify themselves as members of "Mitteleuropa" and not as citizens of Eastern Europe. The German

term *Mitteleuropa* means "central Europe", a term harking back to the nostalgic days of the Habsburg Empire, to the *biedermeier* style, to the sweetness of life once delivered by the House of Austria where Slovaks, Poles, Croats, Hungarians, and even Romanians and Ukrainians belonged not so long ago.

The notion of adherence to Europe, especially in this part of Eastern Europe, is further aggravated by the inadvertent usage of words. Thus the term 'the Balkans' and the adjective 'Balkan', which is used in a neutral sense in France when describing southeastern Europe, have an offensive connotation in Croatian culture, even if that designation carries no pejorative meaning. The perception Croats have about themselves is that they are at loggerheads with the Other, namely their Serbian or Bosnian neighbors.

And there is a big difference between how the term 'Balkans' is seen among the French or English where it typically carries a neutral connotation, as one often sees in geopolitical studies. However, in the eyes of Croats, the terms 'Balkan' and 'Balkanization' signify not only a geopolitical meltdown of the state; especially among Croat nationalists and identitarians, these terms provoke feelings associated with barbaric behavior, political inferiority, and the image of racial decay of their White identity.

In addition, the term "balkanesque" in the Croatian language often induces negative feelings referring to a blend of various racial and cultural identities originating in Asia and not in Europe. One can often hear Croats of different persuasions teasing each other for their allegedly bad behavior with the quip: "Wow, you're a real balkanesque dude!" In the Croatian daily vernacular, this means having an uncivilized behavior, or simply being a "redneck."

In Serbia, this is not the case. Since the Serb identity is real and

well-rooted in the historical time and space of the Balkans, it has no pejorative meaning.

The Germans, who know best the psychology of the peoples of Central Europe and of the Balkans, are well aware of these conflicting identities among the peoples of Eastern Europe and the Balkans. In fact, the German term "der Balkanezer" has a strong offensive meaning in the German vocabulary.

Which Europe?

Let us move further to Europe. Of course, to the famed European Union. What exactly does it mean to be a good European today? Let's be honest. In view of the massive influx of non-European immigrants, especially from the Middle East and North Africa, all Europeans, whether native French, native English, or "natives" from all parts of Europe, have become good "balkanesque Balkanisers." Indeed, what does it mean today to be a German, to be French or to be an American, considering the fact that more than 10-15 percent of Germans and French and more than 30 percent of U.S. citizens are of non-European and non-White origin? Visiting Marseille feels like visiting an Algerian city. The Frankfurt airport resembles the airport of Hong Kong. The areas around Neukölln in Berlin emit an odor of the Lebanese Kasbah. The soil, the turf, the earth, the blood, so dear to Dominique Venner or **Maurice Barrès**, so dear to all of us, what does it mean today? Absolutely nothing.

It would be easy to blame the aliens ("*allogènes*") as the only guilty ones. One must admit, though, that it is ourselves, the Europeans, who are primarily responsible for the Westernization and therefore for the loss of our

identity. While doing so, no matter how much one can rightly blame the alleged ignorance of the Americans, at least the Americans are not torn apart by small time intra-European tribalism. Possibly, the Americans of European descent can become tomorrow the spearhead of the rebirth of the new Euro-white identity. One must confess that racial identity awareness among White American nationalists is stronger than among European nationalists.

In the Europe of tomorrow, in the possible best of all the worlds — even with the aliens gone for good, it is questionable whether the climate will be conducive to great brotherly hugs between the Irish and the English, between the Basques and Castilians, between the Serbs and the Croats, between the Corsicans and the French. Let's be honest. The whole history of Europe, the entire history of Europeans over the last two millennia has resulted in endless fratricidal wars. This still applies to "l'Europe orientale", namely "Eastern Europe," which continues to be plagued by interethnic hatreds. The latest example is the recent war between two similar peoples, Serbs and Croats. Who could guarantee us that the same won't happen tomorrow again even under the presumption that the influx of Asians and Africans would come to an end?

To "be a good European" means nothing today. Declaring oneself a "good "Westerner" is meaningless as well. Being rooted in one's soil in the globalist world has absolutely no significance today because our neighborhoods, being populated by aliens, along with ourselves, are subject to the same consumer culture. There might be something paradoxical happening with the

arrival of non-Europeans: endless wars and disputes between European nationalists, i.e. between the Poles and Germans, between the Serbs and Croats, between the Irish and English — seem to have become outdated. The constant influx of non-Europeans to our European lands makes the designation of "European Europe" a lexical absurdity.

Our duty is to define ourselves first as heirs of European memory, even though we may live outside Europe; in Australia, Chile and America, or for that matter on another planet. One must admit that all of us "good Europeans" in the Nietzschean sense of the word, all of us can change our religion, our habits, our political opinions, our land, our turf, our nationality, and even our passports. But we can never escape our European heredity.

Not the aliens, but the capitalists, the banksters, the "antifas" and the architects of the best of all the worlds are our main enemies. In order to resist them it behoves us to revive our racial awareness and our cultural heritage. Both go hand in hand. The reality of our White race and our culture cannot be denied. We can change everything and even move to another planet. Our inheritance, that is, our gene pool, we must never change.

Race, as Julius Evola and Ludwig Clauss teach us, is not just biological data. Our race is our spiritual responsibility which alone ensures our European survival.

Dr Sunic is a Board member of the [American Freedom Party](#)-formerly [American Third Position Party](#).

**The Perfect Wagnerite:
A Commentary on the Niblung's Ring by Bernard Shaw**

THE RHINE GOLD – RHEINGOLD

Let me assume for a moment that you are a young and good-looking woman. Try to imagine yourself in that character at Klondyke five years ago. The place is teeming with gold.

If you are content to leave the gold alone, as the wise leave flowers without plucking them, enjoying with perfect naivete its color and glitter and preciousness, no human being will ever be the worse for your knowledge of it; and whilst you remain in that frame of mind the golden age will endure.



Now suppose a man comes along: a man who has no sense of the golden age, nor any power of living in the present: a man with common desires, cupidiities, ambitions, just like most of the men you know. Suppose you reveal to that man the fact that if he will only pluck this gold up, and turn it into money, millions of men, driven by the invisible whip of hunger, will toil underground and overground night and day to pile up more and more gold for him until he is master of the world!

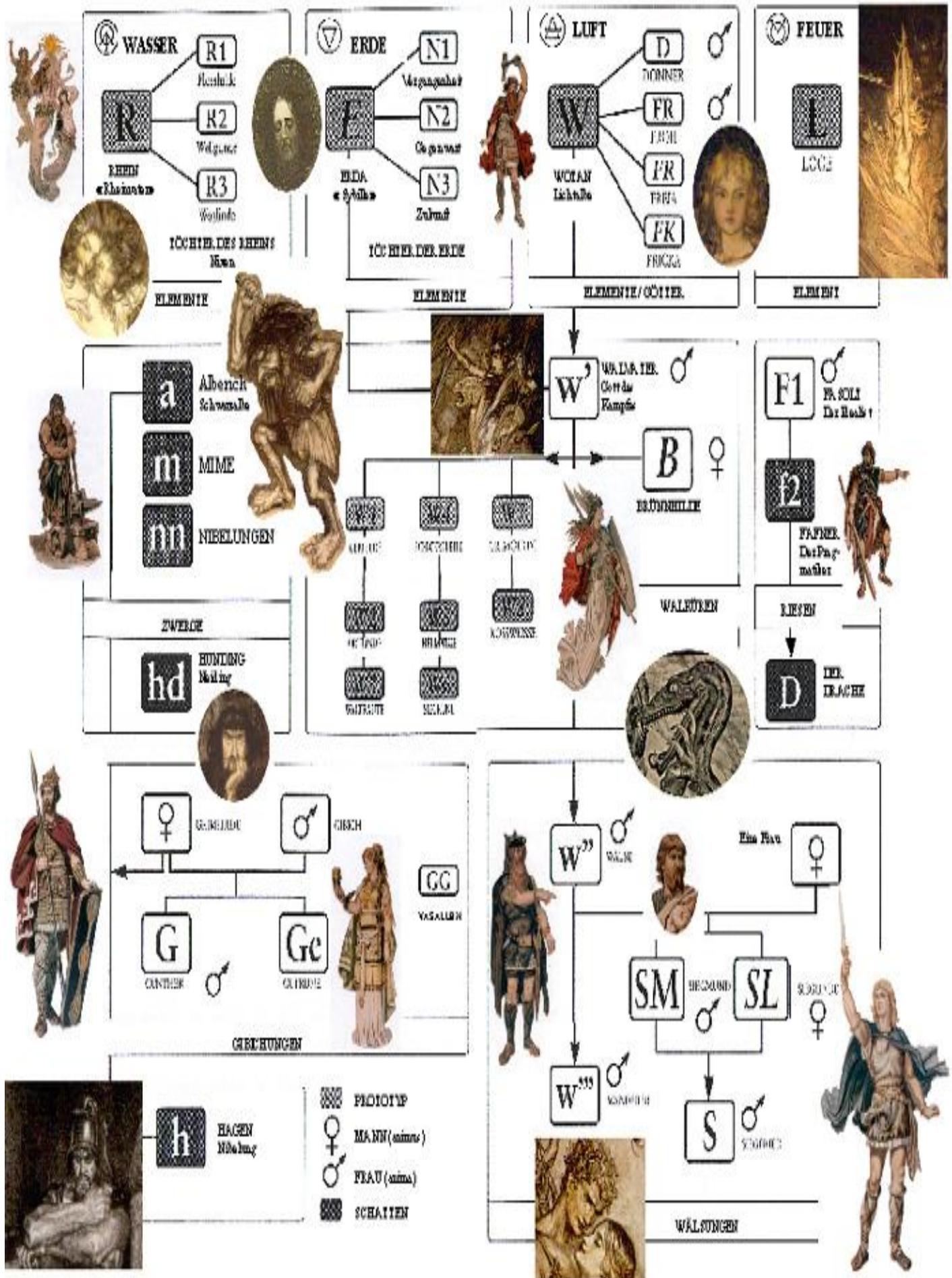
You will find that the prospect will not tempt him so much as you might imagine, because it involves some distasteful trouble to himself to start with, and because there is something else within his reach involving no distasteful toil, which he desires more passionately; and that is yourself. So long as he is preoccupied with love of you, the gold, and all that it implies, will escape him: the golden age will endure. Not until he forswears love will he stretch out his hand to the gold, and found the Plutonic empire for himself.

But the choice between love and gold may not rest altogether with him. He may be an ugly, ungracious, unamiable person, whose affections may seem merely ludicrous and despicable to you. In that case, you may repulse him, and most bitterly humiliate and disappoint him. What is left to him then but to curse the love he can never win, and turn remorselessly to the gold? With that, he will make short work of your golden age, and leave you lamenting its lost thoughtlessness and sweetness.

In due time the gold of Klondyke will find its way to the great cities of the world. But the old dilemma will keep continually reproducing itself. The man who will turn his back on love, and upon all the fruitful it, and will set himself single-heartedly to gather gold in an exultant dream of wielding its Plutonic powers, will find the treasure yielding quickly to his touch. But few men will make this sacrifice voluntarily.

Not until the Plutonic power is so strongly set up that the higher human impulses are suppressed as rebellious, and even the mere appetites are denied, starved, and insulted when they cannot purchase their satisfaction with gold, are the energetic spirits driven to build their lives upon riches. How inevitable that course has become to us is plain enough to those who have the power of understanding what they see as they look at the plutocratic societies of our modern capitals.

<http://ring.mithec.com/history/content/rheingold.html>



Meet the Characters



Any drama from the classic repertoire benefits from several commented editions. Traditionally, they explain not only the springs of the main and the secondary intrigues, but also the meaning of the characters. In case of Shakespeare, Molière or Beaumarchais, they rarely have to appeal to Jung, Freud or Levy Strauss to enlightenment. Most of the time, acute mind and classic "psychology" are sufficient. The characters are presented neither as psychoanalytical entities, nor as socio-political symbols.

They are characterized individualities that nevertheless represent common or exceptional kinds. Naturally, one can apply this conventional typology to the characters of the Ring; moreover this is a usual approach of commentators from Alfred Ernst to Holman, including the extreme sensibility of analysis by Stéphane Goldet. We to present the characters in a way as synthetic as possible and we avoid most of the learned or audacious hermeneutics. We shall comment on the characters in the order of their appearance.

● Rhinmaidens	● Alberich
● Fricka	● Wotan
● Freia	● Froh
● Donner	● Loge
● Giants	● Mime
● Erda	● Siegmund
● Sieglinde	● Brünnhilde
● Walkyries	● Siegfried
● Gunther	● Gutrune
● Hagen	● Vassals

The Characters of " Das Rheingold "

Sketches by ZINOVIEV

Woglinde, Wellgunde, Flosshilde

These three Rhine maidens were the targets of uncountable speculations. J.J.Nattiez assimilated them respectively to music, to dance and to poetry. Flosshilde, the most careful and wise of the naiads, who is destined at the end of the Ring to brandish the Ring, is the verb, the poem. Her importance reflects that of the "Wort" with regard to the "Ton".



At the time of the writing of the "[Rhinegold](#)", that is when he was under influence of his ideas expressed in Opera and Drama, Wagner would have used the girls of the Rhine as metaphor of three factors of the drama.

This interpretation is in a crass contradiction with "girls of fortune" or "whores" interpretation. Now, the relationship between a prostitute and her "client" is exactly the opposite of that between the nixes and Alberich. The sex-worker girl tries to extort some gold from her prey in exchange for her charms. In [Rhinegold](#), the presumed "whores", not just refuse the charms to their prey, but do everything to drive him crazy and urge him to ransack them!

The most known and doubtless the most successful graphic representation of ondines is that by Arthur Rackham. They appear as born from the liquid element, and the Art Nouveau graphics of the draftsman marvellously express them by their shapes and curves. To a certain extent they are very close to the person of Loge. The same fluidity, the same contradictory attitude, the same irony, and especially the same perversity.

These creatures are inclined to play. For them everything is subject to mockery and naughtiness. Their laughter is hard and cruel. [Alberich](#) is hurt in the deepest of his the pride by their aggressive "ha-ha-ha-ha". This laughter is transformed into a real roar of jubilation when the sun of dawn illuminates the summit of the cliff. It is the famous cry: "Rheingold! Rheingold!" The gold shines like the sun in the stream. The Rhine maidens identify it with the splendours of nature.

More than other characters the Rhine maidens are described by music. From the beginning of the tetralogy they introduce the famous apology of desire, the longing and the seduction, the inflection 6-5, the major-dominant sixth. This inflection is one of the most important constituent motives for drama. When orchestrated, it gives the famous "Rheingold", in minor, the universal complaint. Wagner demonstrates repeatedly the relationship between seduction and complaint, by oscillating as by play from one to another. Their theme is inseparable from the image of the undulating waves, the latter coming from the theme of the Rainbow.

The Rhine maidens represent the virgin nature, prior to the destructive effects of civilization. Wagner expresses this "primitiveness", by the verb (archaic forms), the images (the nautical evolution), the sound (the pentatonic, later found in the song of the bird; the Chinese pentatonic mode was considered primitive in the XIX-th century).



One of the keys of the behaviour of the Rhine maidens is their age. You do not need too much imagination to understand that they are very young, almost children. Their way to express themselves and to move around proves it; the music is even more eloquent. When the third naiad mocks Alberich, the trio swims to the tune of childish circle dance.

You have to be stone deaf to see them as very mature pipe smoking ladies, laying on a Victorian couch, and not to roguish kids. Even if they are endowed with this premonitory gravity which one meets in exceptionally gifted children!

[Siegfried](#) and [Brünnhilde](#) are systematically over aged in practically all the stage settings, for an evident practical reason: without the playback, how is it possible to have actors in the adolescent physical appearance endowed with a voice of grown-up singers?

This problem does not arise for the less binding roles of the Rhine maidens. But there is another crippling handicap: the censorship. The usual image on illustrations shows the girls courted by a deformed and libidinous old man, can pass if need be thanks to the effect of distance of the graphics.

But let us try to imagine the dramatic art of Chéreau associated to the prints of Rackham! Alberich repeatedly buries his head under the skirt of mature ladies endowed with generous bosoms who embrace him without ambiguity.

What is already dirty would become unbearable with a deformed dwarf and nubile girls described by Donnington! The director has no other choice but to make the nixes older if he wants to protect from the violent eroticism of the scene.

For example Harry Kupfer represented the Rhine maidens in Bayreuth as sex symbols of porno comic strip, with high heels boots and leather clothes. Let us not forget that Wagner on the eve of his death declared his tenderness for the girls of waters. Their play with the pretenders was aimed only at distracting them from the main part: the gold, by focusing on the secondary: sex.



Das Rheingold



The Rhinemaidens

Deep in the Rhine, three of the river's daughters, custodians of a golden treasure, laugh while they play, scarcely noticing when [Alberich](#) emerges from a crevice. Seized by desire, the gnome tries to catch the [Rhinemaidens](#) as they dart through the waters, but his clumsy attempts lead to frustration.

Taunts from his quarry merely quicken the Nibelung's lust and anger. Suddenly sunlight illuminates the summit of a rock - the Rhinegold.

Hailing the precious hoard, the nymphs are astonished that Alberich does not know what it represents. The Rhinegold is all-powerful, they explain to him, and were it fashioned into a Ring, the wearer would rule the world. But the gold is safe, they continue confidently, for whoever would steal the treasure must renounce love.

The Nibelung vows to seize the gold. Scrambling up the rock, Alberich forswears love, wrests the prize free and escapes. The waters are plunged into darkness as the Rhinemaidens lament their loss.

As the sun rises over a mountainous plateau, [Fricka](#) and [Wotan](#) slumber on a bank of flowers. A fortress, their new home, gleams in the distance. When the two gods awaken, Wotan hails the building as a fulfillment of his dreams.



**Since by curse it came to me,
accursed be this ring!**

Fricka reproaches her husband for having promised her sister [Freia](#) to the giants Fafner and Fasolt as payment for constructing the castle.



**Your name is Loge,
but I call you liar!**

Wotan replies that he never meant to keep the bargain. As the terrified Freia runs in, pursued by [Fafner and Fasolt](#), Wotan says [Loge](#) (fire) will help the gods out of their dilemma.

The giants advance to claim their reward. When Wotan protests he made the pact in jest, that they must settle for another fee, Fasolt, smitten with Freia, balks.

Fafner, intrigued that the loss of Freia's golden apples would cost the gods their eternal youth and therefore their power, decides the goddess must be abducted.

As the giants drag her away, [Froh](#) (spring) and [Donner](#) (thunder) bar their path, Donner brandishing his hammer. Wotan intervenes, saying all treaties are guaranteed on his spear. Denied Freia's golden apples, the gods begin to age.



Let her be carried far from here...!

Loge, who originated the contract with the giants, and who at Wotan's command has been trying to find a suitable payment in lieu of Freia, materializes in a puff of smoke. The crafty god suggests that perhaps the Rhinegold might be an acceptable substitute.



Giant snake, curl and coil!

He then relates how [Alberich](#) stole the hoard, forging it into a Ring through which he can gain world dominance. Wotan is enthralled by the absolute power the Ring imparts, and when Fricka learns a wife could use the Ring to keep a philandering husband faithful, she urges Wotan to obtain it.

Since the Rhinemaidens want [Wotan](#) to restore the gold to them, proposes Loge, why not steal it, as Alberich did? Fafner, who wants the gold, advises Wotan to use his wits to gain the treasure.

Then, taking Freia hostage until evening, when the Nibelung's hoard must be delivered as ransom, the giants leave. No sooner does Freia disappear than the gods begin to weaken and age. Wotan, forced to make a decision, bids Loge accompany him to the nether world to seek Alberich's treasure. The clang of anvils pervades the dark caverns of Nibelheim, Alberich's domain, where he drives his slaves to mine gold to swell his hoard.

Wearing the all-powerful Ring, the gnome torments [Mime](#) for the Tarnhelm he is fashioning. Mime, who covets this latest marvel for himself, must submit, and Alberich tries on the helmet, which transforms the wearer into any size or shape. The Tarnhelm also enables Alberich to become invisible, and he thrashes his defenseless brother, then vanishes to terrorize others.



Come here, crafty dwarf!



The Lord of the Nibelungs

Soon Wotan and [Loge](#) descend through a shaft before the cowering Mime, who complains of Alberich's tyranny, saying he had hoped to outwit his brother by means of the Tarnhelm, regaining the Ring he forged.

Unrecognized and amused by the complaining gnome, the gods offer to help the Nibelungs free themselves. Now Alberich returns, driving slaves who bear mounds of gold.

He knows Wotan and Loge and suspiciously questions their trip to Nibelheim, arrogantly warning of his plan to overthrow the gods and rule the world. Loge asks the Nibelung what would happen if someone stole the Ring while he slept. How could they, the gnome asks, extolling the powers of the Tarnhelm. When Loge, feigning disbelief, asks for a demonstration, Alberich transforms himself into a large serpent, then back again. Loge asks whether the Tarnhelm can turn him into something small - a toad, for instance - so he can hide.

Obligingly, Alberich becomes a toad, whereupon Wotan traps him under his foot and Loge seizes the Tarnhelm. As Alberich resumes his accustomed shape, he is tied and dragged by his captors to the surface of the earth.



Curse it! I am captured!

Once more on the plateau, Loge and Wotan inform their prisoner he cannot go free without forfeiting his hoard as ransom. Though outraged, he acquiesces, certain that through the Ring he can replenish his fortune. Loge unties his right hand, enabling [Alberich](#) to kiss the Ring to summon his slaves, who haul up the gold.



The Nibelungs

As Loge unfastens the Nibelung's bonds, the embittered gnome hurls forth a curse on the Ring: until it returns to his hand, may care, envy and death befall all who possess it.

The gods' command obeyed, he asks for the return of the Tarnhelm, but Loge says the gods will keep it. Wotan adds that the Ring also must be part of the booty, reminding the gnome that it was not rightfully his. Alberich retorts that Wotan is as much a thief as he, but this does not prevent the god from tearing the Ring from Alberich's finger.



Alberich's curse

Alberich disappears as the other gods approach, followed by the giants with their hostage, Freia. Saddened at losing the goddess, Fasolt agrees to accept the Nibelung hoard only if it hides her from his view.

The brothers thrust their clubs into the ground to support the treasure, which Loge and Froh heap up in front of Freia.

Fafner complains that the gold is not quite enough - he can still see Freia's hair through a crack - forcing Loge to add the Tarnhelm to the hoard. Then Fasolt complains he can see the gleam of Freia's eye through a chink. At this Fafner demands the Ring, now on Wotan's finger. When Wotan refuses, the giants pull Freia from behind the hoard to abduct her. But darkness covers the mountaintop as a cleft in the ground opens and [Erda](#) materializes, roused from perpetual sleep by the conflict. The earth goddess warns [Wotan](#) to yield the Ring, which spells doom for the gods. Persuaded, Wotan tosses the Ring onto the hoard, whereupon Freia is released. At once Alberich's curse takes effect: the brothers quarrel over the spoils. Fafner kills Fasolt, claiming Ring, Tarnhelm and hoard for himself.



She still belongs to us

As Wotan leads the other gods across the rainbow - all except Loge, who mutters that they are going to their doom - the [Rhinemaidens](#) are heard from the valley below, grieving for their lost treasure.

After he has gone, [Fricka](#) bids Wotan turn his thoughts to their new home. Donner summons lightning and thunder to dispel thick mists that have enveloped the mountaintop. As the heavens clear, a rainbow forms a bridge to the fortress. Noting how the setting sun gilds the noble structure, Wotan tells Fricka their abode is called Valhalla.

Die Walküre



**A sweet drink of creamy rich mead
you will not refuse from me.**

As a storm rages, [Siegmund](#) the Wälsung, exhausted from pursuit by enemies in the forest, stumbles into an unfamiliar house for shelter. [Sieglinde](#) finds the stranger lying by the hearth, and the two feel an immediate attraction.

But they are soon interrupted by Sieglinde's husband, Hunding, who asks the stranger who he is. Calling himself "Woeful," Siegmund tells of a disaster-filled life ("Friedmund darf ich nicht heissen"), only to learn that Hunding is a kinsman of his foes.

Hunding, before retiring, tells his guest to defend himself in the morning. Left alone, Siegmund calls on his father, [Wälse](#), for the sword he once promised him. Sieglinde reappears, having given Hunding a sleeping potion.

She tells of her wedding, at which a one-eyed stranger thrust into a tree a sword that thereafter resisted every effort to pull it out ("Der Männer Sippe"). Sieglinde confesses her unhappiness to Siegmund, whereupon he ardently embraces her and vows to free her from her forced marriage to Hunding.



**Strange and brutal tales you tell us, bold
guest.**

As moonlight floods the room, Siegmund compares their feeling to the marriage of love and spring ("Winterstürme"). Sieglinde hails him as "Spring" ("Du bist der Lenz") but asks if his father was really "Wolf," as he said earlier. When Siegmund gives his father's name as Wälse instead, Sieglinde rapturously recognizes him as Siegmund, her twin brother.



**A dream of love comes to my mind,
burning and longing I have seen you before.**

The Wälsung now draws the sword from the tree and claims Sieglinde as his bride, rejoicing in the union of the Wälsungs.

High in the mountains, [Wotan](#), leader of the gods, tells his warrior daughter [Brünnhilde](#) she must defend his mortal son Siegmund. Leaving joyfully to do his bidding ("Hojotoho!"), the Valkyrie pauses to note the approach of [Fricka](#), Wotan's wife and the goddess of marriage.

Fricka insists he must defend Hunding's marriage rights against Siegmund, ignoring Wotan's implied argument that Siegmund could save the gods by winning back the Rhinegold from the dragon [Fafner](#) before the Nibelung dwarfs regain it.



Distress for the gods!

When Wotan realizes he is caught in his own trap - his power will leave him if he does not enforce the law - he agrees to his wife's demands. After Fricka has left in triumph, the frustrated god tells the returning Brünnhilde about the theft of the gold and [Alberich](#)'s curse on it ("Als junger Liebe")



**When I fought as I wished
how light it was!**

Brünnhilde is shocked to hear her father, his plans in ruins, order her to fight for Hunding. Then, alone in the darkness, she withdraws as [Siegmund](#) and [Sieglinde](#) approach.

Siegmund comforts the distraught girl, who feels herself unworthy of him, and watches over her when she falls asleep.

Brünnhilde appears to him as if in a vision, telling him he will soon go to Valhalla (Todesverkündigung: "Siegmund! Sieh auf mich!"), but when he says he will not leave Sieglinde and threatens to kill himself and his bride if his sword has no power against Hunding, she decides to help him in spite of Wotan's command. She vanishes. Siegmund bids farewell to Sieglinde when he hears the approaching Hunding's challenge.

When Siegmund is about to win, however, Wotan appears and shatters his sword, leaving him to be killed by Hunding. Brünnhilde escapes with Sieglinde and the broken sword. Wotan contemptuously fells Hunding with a wave of his hand and leaves to punish Brünnhilde.

On the [Valkyries' Rock](#), Brünnhilde's eight warrior sisters - who have gathered there briefly, bearing slain heroes to Valhalla - are surprised to see her enter with Sieglinde.



The Valkyries

When they hear she is fleeing Wotan's wrath, they are afraid to hide her. Sieglinde is numb with despair until Brünnhilde tells her she bears [Siegmund's child](#).

Eager to be saved, she receives the pieces of the sword from Brünnhilde and ecstatically thanks her rescuer as she rushes off into the forest to hide near Fafner's cave, a place safe from [Wotan](#).

When the god appears, he sentences Brünnhilde to become a mortal woman, silencing her sisters' objections by threatening to do the same to them. Left alone with her father, [Brünnhilde](#) pleads that in disobeying his orders she was really doing what he wished ("War es so schmählich")



**Was it so shameful what I did
that you punish my misdeed so
shamefully?**



**Farewell, you bold,
wonderful child!**

Wotan will not relent: she must lie in sleep, booty for any man who finds her. But as his anger abates she asks the favor of being surrounded in sleep by a wall of fire that only the bravest hero can pierce. Both sense this hero must be the child that Sieglinde will bear.

Sadly renouncing his daughter ("Leb' wohl"), Wotan kisses Brünnhilde's eyes with sleep and mortality before summoning Loge, the spirit of fire, to encircle the rock.

As flames spring up, the departing Wotan invokes a spell forbidding the rock to anyone who fears his spear (Fire Music).

Siegfried



Mime the bold, Mime is king!

In his cavern workshop near [Fafner](#)'s lair, [Mime](#) complains bitterly as he toils at an anvil to forge a new sword for [Siegfried](#), who has grown to manhood.

The impotent, hate-filled Nibelung has fashioned many blades for his ward, but they always broke into pieces when tested. Though Mime secretly has kept the shattered [Notung](#), the magic sword wielded by Siegfried's father, he lacks the skill to restore its fragments.

If he could do so, with Siegfried's help, he would fulfill his dream of obtaining Fafner's Ring and becoming ruler of the world. A hunting horn announces the approach of Siegfried, who bounds in with a bear he has captured, playfully scaring Mime before releasing the animal to the forest.

Impatient for a new sword, Siegfried grasps Mime's latest effort, only to have the weapon snap like a toy in his hands. To avoid the headstrong youth's anger, the Nibelung offers kind words and food, both brusquely rebuffed. At this, Mime whiningly reminds Siegfried of the long years he has looked after him and all he has taught him. Siegfried retorts he has never learned to tolerate the sight of Mime, nor does he know why he continues to live with him.



Notung, Notung, trusty sword!

They do not resemble each other, he says, and grabbing Mime by the throat, he demands to know who his real parents were. The Nibelung confesses that years ago he found a woman in distress in the woods and nursed her as she died giving birth. Her name was [Sieglinde](#), and the baby's [father](#) had fallen in combat; Siegfried's name is a legacy from his mother. Moved by the story, Siegfried asks for proof of what he has been told, at which Mime takes forth the splintered remnants of the sword Nothung. At once the youth insists the weapon be welded whole, so he can go forth into the world to seek adventure. Siegfried runs back into the forest.



Mime, sharpen your wits!

As Mime sits dejected, an aged Wanderer ([Wotan](#)) appears. Soon the unwanted guest proposes a battle of wits in which he will forfeit his head should he lose.

Mime, though suspicious, agrees, then proceeds to ask the Wanderer three questions: what race lives under the earth (the Nibelungs), on the face of the earth ([the giants](#)) and on the cloudy heights (the gods)?

The Wanderer answers correctly, then declares that Mime too must answer three questions, to save his own head: what is the race Wotan mistreats but loves most (the Wälsungs), what is the sword Siegfried must use if he is to kill the dragon Fafner (Nothung), and who will repair the weapon? When Mime cannot answer the last question, the Wanderer tells him the sword can be forged only by one who has never known fear - and he leaves the gnome's head as bounty to that person.

Hearing distant growls, Mime panics, thinking Fafner is coming, but it is only Siegfried, eager to wield his father's sword. Mime tries to find out whether the youth comprehends the meaning of fear. Since he does not, Mime decides to take him to Fafner's lair, where surely he will learn. When Siegfried once more orders Mime to finish Nothung, the Nibelung sobs that he lacks the craft, at which Siegfried repairs the sword himself, launching into a spirited forging song as he works. While the youth toils, Mime plots to get rid of him once the dragon has been killed and the treasure recovered. Siegfried brandishes the finished sword, splits the anvil with it and rushes into the forest.

That night, [Alberich](#) keeps vigil near Fafner's cave, brooding over his lost treasure, determined to regain the Ring. When the Wanderer approaches, bathed in eerie light, the Nibelung at once recognizes him as Wotan. The god assures him that he no longer cares about the Ring - he is now only an observer of destiny. He adds that it is Mime whom Alberich should fear, for [Mime](#) wants the gold and brings a valiant young hero to slay Fafner.



I came to watch, not to act.

The Nibelung is perplexed that his enemy seems to be helping him. Wotan and Alberich rouse the sleeping Fafner to warn him of approaching danger, urging him to surrender the Ring, but Fafner only mumbles he will devour any attacker. God and Nibelung disappear in the shadows.



**My throat is well made
to gulp you down!**

As dawn breaks, sunlight penetrates the dense foliage of the forest. Mime enters with Siegfried, showing him Fafner's lair. Dismissed by the youth, the treacherous gnome hobble off. [Siegfried](#) stretches on the ground under a lime tree to rest, enchanted by the murmur of the forest, yearning for the mother he never knew.

High in the branches over his head, a Forest Bird warbles a song he wishes he could understand.

Cutting a reed and blowing on it, Siegfried tries to imitate the bird. Then he raises his silver hunting horn to his lips, inadvertently awakening Fafner, who rumbles forth from his den.

During the ensuing struggle, Siegfried plunges his sword into the monster's heart. Dying, Fafner warns that whoever put Siegfried up to this deed is plotting his death as well.



The dead can tell no tales.

When Siegfried draws Nothung from the beast, his fingers are burned by blood, so he touches them to his lips. The taste of the dragon's blood enables him to understand the language of the Forest Bird, who tells him of the Nibelung hoard, the Tarnhelm and all-powerful Ring.



Accursed brother!

As Siegfried disappears into the cave to inspect the treasure, Mime slinks back, only to be confronted by Alberich.

The brothers quarrel over the spoils, withdrawing when Siegfried reappears, carrying proof of his victory - the Tarnhelm, which he fastens to his belt, and the Ring, which he places on his hand.

Now the Forest Bird warns Siegfried about Mime, who soon creeps forward, bearing a poisoned drink. Reading the dwarf's true thoughts, the youth loses patience with the Nibelung and kills him, as Alberich's laughter echoes in the distance. While Siegfried rests, lamenting his solitude, the bird tells of a maiden who sleeps on a fire-encircled rock - [Brünnhilde](#), a bride who can be won only by a hero who knows no fear.

The youth runs through the forest toward the mountain where she sleeps.



Loathsome babbler!



Der Wanderer

By night, as thunder and lightning threaten a wild mountain gorge, the Wanderer summons [Erda](#) from sleep. Concealing his identity, he seeks knowledge of the future.

Erda evades the questions, and the god, resigning himself to Valhalla's doom, bequeaths the world to the redemptive power of Brünnhilde's love. When Siegfried ventures into the gorge, the Wanderer encounters his grandson, inquiring with humor about his exploits and the sword he wears.

Siegfried responds arrogantly, angering the god, who tries to block his path. Drawing Nothung, the youth splinters the Wanderer's spear with a single stroke. Realizing his power has ended, the deity retrieves the broken pieces, then vanishes as Siegfried scales the mountain.

Dawn breaks on the rocky height where [Brünnhilde](#) rests. Reaching the summit, Siegfried discovers an armed, sleeping figure, which he assumes to be a man. When he removes the Valkyrie's shield, helmet and breastplate, however, he finds instead the first woman he has ever seen. At last sensing fear, he invokes the spirit of his mother, finally summoning the courage to kiss the maiden's lips.



Angst

Götterdämmerung



The Norns

On the Valkyries' rock, three Norns spin the rope of Fate, recalling Wotan's days of power and predicting the end of the Gods. When the rope breaks they descend in terror to their mother, Erda, goddess of the earth.

At dawn Siegfried and his bride, Brünnhilde, emerge from their cave ("Zu neuen Taten"). Though fearful that she may lose the hero, she sends him forth to deeds of valor.



Siegfried's Rhine journey

In their castle on the Rhine, [Gunther](#), Lord of the Gibichungs, and his sister [Gutrune](#), both unwed, ask counsel of their half-brother, Hagen.

Plotting to secure the Ring, [Hagen](#) advises Gunther to marry Brünnhilde: by means of a magic potion Siegfried can be induced to forget his bride and win her for Gunther in return for Gutrune's hand. The hero's horn announces his approach.

Gunther welcomes him, and Gutrune offers him the potion. Remembering Brünnhilde, he drinks and forgets all, quickly succumbing to Gutrune's beauty and agreeing to bring Brünnhilde to Gunther.

The two men swear an oath of blood brotherhood ("Blühenden Lebens"), and then depart. Hagen, left to keep watch, broods on his plot's success ("Hier sitz ich zur Wacht").



Blood-brotherhood



**More than the glory of the gods
this ring is to me!**

Dusk falls as [Siegfried](#) returns transformed by the Tarnhelm into Gunther's form. He tears the Ring from the terrified Brünnhilde's finger and claims her as Gunther's Bride.

At night, before the Gibichung hall, Hagen dreams of his father, the Nibelung [Alberich](#), who forces him to swear he will regain the Ring ("Schläfst du, Hagen?"). As dawn breaks, Siegfried returns with cheerful greetings for Hagen and Gutrun: he has won [Brünnhilde](#) for Gunther. Hagen summons the vassals to welcome the king and his bride ("Hoiho, Hoiho!").



Force alone will subdue you!



Treachery!

The dazed Brünnhilde, bent on revenge ("Welches Unhold's List"), reveals to Hagen the hero's one vulnerable spot: a spear in the back will kill him. Taunted by Brünnhilde and lured by Hagen's description of the Ring's power, Gunther joins the murder plot.

When [Gunther](#) leads in Brünnhilde, she is startled at seeing Siegfried; observing the Ring on his finger, she decries his treachery and proclaims Siegfried her true husband ("Heilige Götter!").

Still under the potion's spell, the hero vows upon Hagen's spear that he has never wronged her ("Helle Wehr! Heilige Waffe!"). Brünnhilde swears he lies, but Siegfried dismisses her charge and leaves with Gutrun.



**I bless your blade, that it may
pierce him.**

The couples proceed to the wedding feast. On the bank of the Rhine the three [Rhinemaids](#) bewail their lost treasure ("Frau Sonne sendet lichte Strahlen"). Soon Siegfried approaches, separated from his hunting party.



Hagen

The maidens plead for the Ring, but he ignores both their entreaties and warnings. When the hunters arrive, Siegfried at Hagen's urging describes his boyhood with Mime (his Nibelung foster father), his slaying of the dragon Fafner and finally - after Hagen gives him a potion to restore his memory - his wooing of Brünnhilde ("Mime hiess ein mürrischer Zwerg"). Pretending indignation, Hagen plunges a spear into the hero's back. Remembering Brünnhilde with his last breath, Siegfried dies and is borne off (Funeral Music).

At the Gibichung hall, [Gutrune](#) nervously awaits her bridegroom's return. Hagen tells her Siegfried has been killed by a wild boar, but when his body is carried in she accuses Gunther of murder.

Hagen admits the crime ("Ja denn! Ich hab'ihn erschlagen"). Quarreling over the Ring, Gunther is killed by [Hagen](#), who falls back in fear when the dead Siegfried raises his hand. Brünnhilde, entering, orders a funeral pyre for Siegfried ("Starke Scheite").

She condemns the gods for their guilt in his death, takes the Ring, and promises it to the Rhinemaidens.



Bad dreams disturbed my sleep.



Redemption

Placing it on her finger, she throws a torch onto the pyre and joyfully rushes into the flames.

As the river overflows its banks and the Gibichung hall is consumed, the Rhinemaidens, dragging Hagen to his death, regain their gold, at last purified of its curse.



Keep away from the ring!



Finale

How JFK secretly ADMIRED Hitler: Explosive book reveals former President's praise for the Nazis as he travelled through Germany before Second World War

- A new book reveals President Kennedy was a secret admirer of the Nazis
- Embarrassingly close to visit being paid to Berlin next month by Obama
- Comes one week before 50th anniversary commemorations of JFK's memorable 'Ich bin ein Berliner' speech pledging US solidarity with Europe

By [Allan Hall](#)

PUBLISHED: 11:39 GMT, 23 May 2013 | UPDATED: 15:24 GMT, 23 May 2013

A new book out in Germany reveals how President Kennedy was a secret admirer of the Nazis.

The news comes embarrassingly close to a visit being paid to Berlin next month by President Obama - one week before 50th anniversary commemorations of JFK's memorable 'Ich bin ein Berliner' speech pledging US solidarity with Europe during the Cold War.

President Kennedy's travelogues and letters chronicling his wanderings through Germany before WWII, when Adolf Hitler was in power, have been unearthed and show him generally in favour of the movement that was to plunge the world into the greatest war in history



© Daily Sketch



© Roger Viollet/Getty Images

Secret: A new book out in Germany reveals how President Kennedy was a secret admirer of the Nazis 'Fascism?' wrote the youthful president-to-be in one. 'The right thing for Germany.'

In another; 'What are the evils of fascism compared to communism?'

And on August 21, 1937 - two years before the war that would claim 50 million lives broke out - he wrote: 'The Germans really are too good - therefore people have ganged up on them to protect themselves.'

And in a line which seems directly plugged into the racial superiority line plugged by the Third Reich he wrote after travelling through the Rhineland: 'The Nordic races certainly seem to be superior to the Romans.'

The future president's praise is now embarrassing in hindsight - a few years later he fought in War War Two against the Nazis and his elder brother Lt. Joseph Patrick 'Joe' Kennedy, Jr was killed.



Revealing: Presidential diaries and photographs are among more than 500 items from a collection of John F. Kennedy documents and artifacts

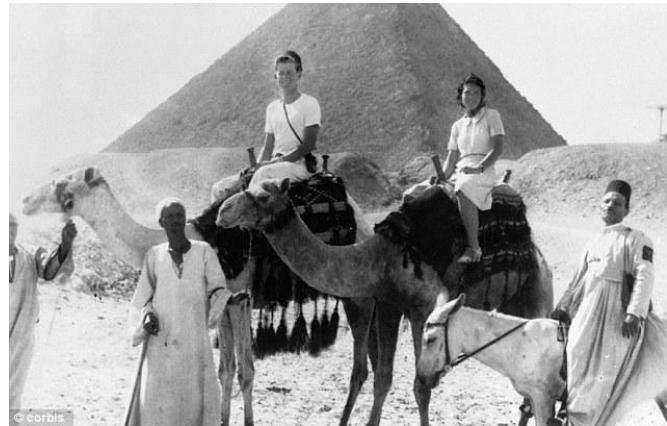


© corbis



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Tour: Kennedy recovers, right, from jaundice in a London hospital in 1937 and left juggles on a street in Amsterdam during a trip to Europe



Trip: Kennedy and one of his sisters ride camels in Egypt in 1939

'I CAN IMAGINE NO MORE REWARDING A CAREER': JOHN F KENNEDY'S MILITARY SERVICE



As a young man, the future president had desperately wanted to go into the Navy but was originally rejected - mainly due to a back injury he sustained playing football while attending Harvard.

In 1941, though, his politically connected father Joe P Kennedy used his influence to get him in to the service and he joined the Navy.

In 1942, Kennedy volunteered for PT (motorized torpedo) boat duty in the Pacific.

On 12 June 1944 he received the Navy's highest honor for gallantry for his heroic actions as a gunboat pilot during World War II.

The Navy Marine Corps Medal and the Purple Heart were presented to Lt. Kennedy for his heroics and injuries sustained in the rescue of the crew of PT 109 during on August 2, 1943 when the motor torpedo boat was struck by a Japanese destroyer.

His back was hurt during duty and Kennedy was released from all active duty and finally retired from the U.S. Naval Reserve on physical disability in March 1945.

'I can imagine no more rewarding a career. And any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile, I think can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction: I served in the United States Navy.'

John F Kennedy

Source: History.com

Other musings concern how great the autobahns were - 'the best roads in the world' - and how, having visited Hitler's Bavarian holiday home in Berchtesgaden and the tea house built on top of the mountain for him.

He declared; 'Who has visited these two places can easily imagine how Hitler will emerge from the hatred currently surrounding him to emerge in a few years as one of the most important personalities that ever lived.'

Kennedy's admiration for Nazi Germany is revealed in a book entitled 'John F. Kennedy - Among the Germans. Travel diaries and letters 1937-1945.'

When World War II did arrive, the future president's father, Joe P Kennedy, strongly opposed going into battle with Germany and made several missteps that severely damaged his political career.

He adopted a defeatist, anti-war stance and tried to arrange a meeting with Adolf Hitler without the approval of the Department of State.

The reasons for this are unclear - some speculate he was eager to do anything to avoid war because he feared that American capitalism - which he profited from - would not survive the country's entry into the conflict.

In his role as US ambassador to Britain he also opposed providing the UK with military and economic aid.

He said in an interview 'Democracy is finished in England. It may be here [in the US].'

During the World War II, JFK's older brother Joe volunteered for a secret mission testing an experimental drone plane packed with explosives - a weapon the Allies hoped to use as a guided missile.

On the first test flight, the explosives detonated prematurely and the plane exploded - his body was never found.



© Getty Images

Studies: The future American president sits at a typewriter, holding open his published thesis, 'Why England Slept'



© AP

March 1939, London, John F. Kennedy and his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, US Ambassador to Great Britain, board an Air France plane at Croydon Airport. He accompanied his father to Rome, where he will be representing President Roosevelt at the coronation of Pope Pius XII



Pals: Kennedy and Lem Billings, right, who was a classmate from the Choate School and Princeton University, outside a drugstore in the mid 1930s



Travel companion: Kennedy, Dunker the dog, and Lem Billings at the Hague, during their Europe trip

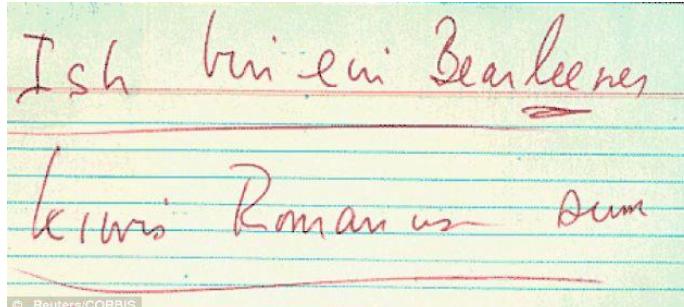
The youthful president carved his own place in history when he stood outside the West Berlin town hall of Schoeneberg on June 26 1963 to declare US solidarity with the city and the continent with the immortal words; 'Ich bin ein Berliner.'

The fact that, strictly speaking, he was referring to himself as a doughnut - a Berliner - did not diminish the wild enthusiasm for him.

But his praise of Hitler in a country still struggling to come to terms with his legacy may prove awkward for Obama who will visit Berlin for wide-ranging talks with Chancellor Merkel on June 18 and 19.



US President John F. Kennedy at the Schoeneberg Town Hall during his visit to Germany. The youthful president carved his own place in history when he stood outside the West Berlin town hall on June 26 1963 to declare US solidarity with the city and the continent with the immortal words; 'Ich bin ein Berliner'



© Reuters/CORBIS

Infamous: One of President Kennedy's speech cards carrying his famous remark 'Ich bin ein Berliner', which he delivered in a speech that electrified an adoring crowd in Berlin



© Ulrich Mack

Fans: Thousands of citizens lined the main street in West Berlin as the president arrived flanked by police and bodyguards



© Ulrich Mack

Farewell: President John F. Kennedy waves goodbye as he leaves Berlin for Ireland

But his praise was not entirely without caveats.

'It is evident that the Germans were scary for him,' said Spiegel magazine in Berlin.

In the diaries of the three trips he made to prewar Germany he also recognised; 'Hitler seems to be as popular here as Mussolini in Germany, although propaganda is probably his most powerful weapon.'

Observers say his writings ranged between aversion and attraction for Germany.

The book also contains his impressions when walking through a shattered Berlin after the war: 'An overwhelming stench of bodies - sweet and nauseating'.

And of the recently deceased Fuehrer he said; 'His boundless ambition for his country made him a threat to peace in the world, but he had something mysterious about him. He was the stuff of legends.'

The book editor's believe that he was 'eerily fascinated' by fascism.



© EPA



© AFP/Getty Images

Bad timing: The news comes embarrassingly close to a visit being paid to Berlin next month by President Obama - one week before 50th anniversary commemorations of JFK's memorable 'Ich bin ein Berliner' speech pledging US solidarity with Europe during the Cold War

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2329556/How-JFK-secretly-ADMIRER-Hitler-Explosive-book-reveals-Presidents-praise-Nazis-travelled-Germany-Second-World-War.html#ixzz2UNiGxqqI>

Neo-Nazi Holocaust deniers 'plan takeover' of SSPX, claim anti-Fascist campaigners

By [Damian Thompson](#) May 25th, 2013

Far-Right supporters of the disgraced rebel Catholic bishop Richard Williamson are planning a takeover of the ultra-traditionalist Society of St Pius X (SSPX), according to the anti-fascist magazine Searchlight.

Williamson, a convicted Holocaust denier, had his excommunication lifted by Pope Benedict XVI along with that of the SSPX's three other bishops as a prelude to possible reconciliation with Rome. But the unity plans fell apart after Williamson was exposed as a Holocaust denier – and after Bishop Bernard Fellay, the "moderate" leader of the SSPX, failed to grasp Pope Benedict's olive branch.



Williamson: convicted Holocaust denier

Williamson was eventually expelled from the SSPX – but now, according to Searchlight, his supporters are trying to wrest control of the body, alienated from Rome since the 1970s, from Fellay. The following is from a Searchlight document which provides detailed claims of links between allies of the English-born Williamson and former supporters of the British National Front and the BNP:

A coup within Catholicism is imminent. The target is The Society of Pius X (SSPX), an ultra-traditionalist group founded

in 1970 out of opposition to the Second Vatican Council (1962-65). The plotters intend to make a major step towards their takeover at a conference on the weekend of 1 and 2 June, which we can reveal will be held at Earlsfield Library Hall, 276 Magdalen Road, Earlsfield London SW18 from 9am to 5pm. The key players in this plot are a bunch of neo-Nazis, fascists and others with disreputable backgrounds. Their objective is to replace SSPX's current Superior General, Bishop Bernard Fellay, with the convicted Holocaust-denier Bishop Richard Williamson. This plot is a very worrying turn of events.

SSPX is no stranger to controversy. Its members have supported the French Front National and given sanctuary to a Nazi collaborator and war criminal. A previous District Superior... removed Nazi sympathisers from the Society, but our sources inform us that they have re-infiltrated it ... This has left many decent members shocked and fearful for its future. They do not want to see it fall into the hands of neo-Nazis.

The SSPX is, in my opinion, more trouble than it's worth: mainstream Catholic bishops use its extreme stance as an excuse to persecute traditionalists within the official Church and deny them their canonical right to celebrate the traditional Latin liturgy. That said, far-Right views have hitherto been confined to a (fairly significant) anti-Semitic fringe within the SSPX. But now that hardliners in the Society have set their face against reunion with Rome, the dynamics of sectarianism are taking over and the fringe risks becoming the SSPX mainstream.

<http://blogs.telegraph.co.uk/news/damianthompson/100218780/neo-nazi-holocaust-deniers-plan-takeover-of-sspx-claim-anti-fascist-campaigners/>

[Thompson is still a naïve young puppy who cares not for factual truth and thus rides the p/c train with gusto – ed. AI]

From: IanVMacdonald@aol.com
Sent: Sunday, 16 June 2013 2:43 PM
Subject: Fwd: Hungarian Jewish Holocaust

June 15, 2013

HP - There have been plenty of lurid stories about the fate of the Hungarian Jews and how the Nazis were able to round up all 450,000 and exterminate them in the gas-ovens in record time (except for the ones saved by Raoul Wallenberg in his miraculous rescue feat). It's amazing how the Canadian media, 70 years after such foreign events supposedly took place, see fit to mention them almost daily, while Canadian Servicemen, who really faced death during the War, are mentioned only once a year! IV

From: IanVMacdonald@aol.com
To: letters-2@nationalpost.com
Sent: 6/13/2013 12:37:40 A.M. EDT
Subj: Hungarian Jewish Holocaust

June 12, 2013

Editor
NATIONAL POST
Toronto

Dear Sir
Genocide, annihilation and mass murder of the Hungarian Jews

Once again (will it never end?) we are reminded today, by the National Post's George Jonas, of the terrible fate that befell the Jews during WWII, this time with a piece on the extermination of the Hungarian Jews.

As with the broader claim of Six Million Jewish victims, the murder of the entire Jewish population of Hungary does not survive scholarly analysis. According to a leading academic authority on the subject, Prof. Walter N. Sanning, author of *The Dissolution of Eastern European Jewry*, who relied on Jewish sources and the International Red Cross, there were 400,000 Jews in Hungary at the end of 1939. In April, 1946, there were 200,000 survivors, including presumably the 100,000 rescued by Raul Wallenberg. During the war, 27,500 died in the Military Labour Force on the Eastern Front, 25,500 were taken prisoner by the Soviets, 40,000 were deported to the East by the Russians in 1945, 20,000 disappeared through the negative wartime birth rate,

6000 fled to Rumania and 10,000 converted to Christianity. The number of "missing" Hungarian Jews is therefore 71,000. When the deportations ceased in July, 1944, at least 150,000 Jews remained in Budapest, to be joined in November by 100,000 Jews who arrived from the countryside, according to the International Red Cross.

Concerning the untraced 71,000, some may well have died during internment by the Germans. If so, the cause of death likely would have been typhus or starvation, aggravated by the Allied bombing which deprived the camps of both food

and medicine. There is no evidence that even one was executed while in German custody, although very few captured by the Soviet forces survived.

As ever,

Ian V. Macdonald
455 Wilbrod Street
Ottawa ON K1N 6M7
613 241 5389
CANADA

News from Günter Deckert -



- playing his last game of chess before being released from his five month stay at Hotel Mannheim



Upon his release on a rainy 31 May Günter Deckert is met by Sylvia Stolz and faithful supporters.
